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WORLD-BUILDERS ALL

THE TASK OF THE RISING GENERATION

BY

E. A. BURROUGHS

FELLOW AND TUTOR OF HERTFORD COLLEGE, OXFORD
AUTHOR OF "THE VALLEY OF DECISION"; "A FAITH FOR THE FIRING-LINE," ETC.

Arise and conquer while ye can
The foe that in your midst abides,
And build within the mind of man
The Empire that abides.
—WILLIAM WATSON

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To the

MASTERS AND BOYS

of

ETON, UPPINGHAM, WELLINGTON,

AND WEYMOUTH

whose friendly welcome and ready response

made delightful a task

which might well have been difficult

FOREWORD.

No happier outcome of a generous rivalry between two Public Schools could be imagined than that an Old Harrovian should come to Eton as a Messenger of the National Mission. Services of forty minutes each were held in the College Chapel at 9 p.m. on the 30th and 31st of October and the 1st of November, 1916, and at 7.30 a.m. on All Saints' Day there was a Special Celebration of the Holy Communion in memory of the Dead and in self-dedication of the Living. All the services were voluntary, and at the Evening Services the Chapel was filled almost to its utmost capacity—a sign that the boys were ready to receive the Message, for which they had been prepared by the Head Master, and to welcome it heartily when it came. "The Call of the War to the Rising Generation" did not fall on deaf ears, and our happy experience

made us at Eton wish that other schools, besides those to whom this book is dedicated, should have the opportunity of reading an expansion of the thoughts of this Message. The three evening Addresses given at Eton were under the headings of chapters ii., v. and ix. respectively, and the Lessons at the usual Morning Services were chosen to suit those subjects.

The main object of the writer is to prepare the hearts of his readers for after-war problems, so that the after-war world may be a better world. The sacrifices of our fighting men will, he urges, be useless if the nation resumes the habit of selfishness after the War ; what is wanted is a new spirit, like the war-spirit, but bigger and better — what he calls "super-patriotism," when a man is inspired by the spirit, not only of his country, but by that of Christ, in his fight in God's War for the triumph of good over evil. "The rebuilding of the Ruins" is aptly compared to the history of Nehemiah — building and fighting together. "The Call to the Rising Generation" is a call to a new tradition—the Restoration of God ; for this War is a danger-signal to warn the world of the colossal mistake of "leaving God

out," which leads to moral Death, whereas the spirit of self-denial and devotion to a Cause is leading men back to Life. When he comes to the question "What is sufficient for these things?" the writer's answer is—"Reinforcement by God," so that man thus remade can become in the words of the young Marlburian poet—

> A part of one Great Strength
> That moves and cannot die.

The effects of living the Higher Humanity, reinforced by God, are drawn out with convincing power in chapter vi. After some helpful hints on practical prayer, and an earnest appeal to the soldier of God to abandon the British reserve about spiritual things, and to come forward for active service in word and work, he dwells in the concluding chapter on the duty of "self-reconstruction" in memory of our Dead, so that we may build a new world on the foundation-stones of the lives thus laid down, and "for their sakes consecrate ourselves"—finding within this motive a yet deeper motive, the sacrifice of Christ.

Such is a brief summary of a stirring Message, which has been heard by only a few school

congregations, and will, I hope, by publication, win a far wider hearing, so that boys may learn to readjust the scale of values in their Public School traditions, and strive by resolute self-training to gain the spiritual strength which alone will enable them to give freely that higher personal service which will make the country more worthy of the tremendous sacrifices that their school-fellows have made.

FRANCIS HAY RAWLINS.

Eton,
March 7, 1917.

PREFACE.

It fell to the writer, as an "Archbishops' Messenger" in the National Mission of Repentance and Hope, to give the "Message" of the Mission at several schools. At some of them (mentioned in the Dedication) the visit extended to four or five days, and it was possible to some extent to develop this "Message" as it comes to the boy of to-day. n each case there were kind requests from both masters and boys for something on the lines of the addresses to be printed, to remind them of the Mission; and, as there seemed to be room for some small book that should voice the call of the war to the rising generation, I have sought to meet both demands together.

The chief excuse, however, for its publication must be the readers for whom it is meant. There is nothing much in its contents different from

what I have, in some form or other, tried to say to grown-up readers already. This is an attempt to say the same thing to boys. If there is any importance in the thoughts expressed in such a book as "The Valley of Decision," it matters more that the rising generation should think them than any other part of the community. Never had a generation of boys and girls a life of such moment and difficulty before them. Never did it matter more to the world that this generation should all "make good". And never, perhaps, was it clearer to see that "making good" is, before all, a matter of faith and of moral decision. All that this book attempts, then, without thought of any other public, is to make this plain to boys of to-day; and it is their criticism, if they read it, that I shall value most.

Many of its pages have had to wait to be written in the rather chequered leisure of a voyage to Egypt and the Sudan,—again on National Mission work. My present whereabouts and movements would have involved an almost indefinite further delay, had not my friend the Rev. L. B. T. Chaffey, of Eton College, most kindly undertaken to see the book through

the press. The gratitude I owe him for this is only second to that which I shall always feel for his invaluable help at the time of the Mission at Eton. It is a great pleasure to be able to acknowledge both debts together. The kindness of the Vice-Provost of Eton in writing the Foreword is only a sequel to very special kindness at the same time. Nor can I forbear a word of special thanks to the several Head Masters for infinite trouble ungrudgingly taken. A more general but not less real gratitude to many other helpers, at all the Schools concerned, I have tried to express in the Dedication.

E. A. B.

At Bishop's House, Cairo,
January 25, 1917.

CONTENTS.

		PAGE
	FOREWORD BY THE VICE-PROVOST OF ETON COLLEGE	vii
	PREFACE	xi
	INTRODUCTION—"AFTER THE WAR"	1
CHAP.		
I.	SUPER-PATRIOTISM	12
II.	REBUILDING THE RUINS	21
III.	THE HARVEST OF DEATH	28
IV.	THE HARVEST OF LIFE	40
V.	"WHO IS SUFFICIENT FOR THESE THINGS?"	45
VI.	THE HIGHER HUMANITY	57
VII.	PRACTICAL PRAYER	68
VIII.	WITNESS AND WAR	78
IX.	OUR DEAD AND OUR DUTY	92

INTRODUCTION.

"AFTER THE WAR."

We must live; and if we would live as men, we must have as the first thing an aim, a love, a hate—in short, an ideal. If you do not try to find this when you are young, you will never find it, and you will not know life.—CHARLES WAGNER.

I.

"Just too young."

QUITE at the beginning of the war a Public Schoolboy's letter was quoted in one of the papers, as expressing the spirit and feelings of his kind. He was green with envy of an elder brother, a midshipman at sea, and cursed his own luck at being born just a little too late. In those days, despite Lord Kitchener's forecast, we did not really believe the war would last long. By now three years seems a moderate estimate, and we are quite prepared for four or five. Not a few who in August, 1914, were groaning at being too young to serve have since gone into it and given their lives. And even to-day he would be a bold

man who should draw a line across a school list, and say, "Those below this line will not be needed".

Still, the end must and will come some day: and then what will be the feelings of the "just too young"? Will it be with relief or disappointment that the first batch of boys will go from the schools, no longer into the fighting Services, but into the old, deserted, familiar ways of life?

Relief or disappointment?

Both disappointment and relief of course there will be. We are all human, more or less: and there is that in human nature which will be honestly relieved, and that also which will, as honestly, be disappointed. On the one occasion when I had the good fortune to see the Front and come under shell-fire—quite a mild dose—I seemed to realise what it would be like. The first relief at escaping intact was soon succeeded by acute disappointment. One was sorry not to have had a fuller taste of it while one was there. So it will no doubt be with many—"after the war".

But from one point of view the relief and the disappointment will both be misplaced. Peace will not end the real work of the war. In a sense it will rather be the signal for tackling it. And however well we may

The real duration of the war.

eventually beat our enemies, if we slack off then we shall have lost the war. Such will be the verdict of history a hundred years hence. The real work of the war awaits the survivors—the rising generation of to-day. And it will be the harder work for being less heroic. There will not be the novelty, the excitement, the heartening sense that everybody else is doing it. For that very reason most people *won't* do it. Most people only do things so long as they are "being done". It will take the best people to see the need, and go to meet it, and stick to their work till others join in. If such people do not come along, the war will have been a failure even for the winning side. In fact the losers, if they see this point and act accordingly, may well prove the winners, if the winners ignore it. "The war may end any year now," as they say to cheer themselves up in the trenches: but the real work of the war will last a century. The task of securing that it has not been a colossal failure, a tragic mistake—that the blood and tears and treasure of the nations have not been poured out worse than in vain—that task will keep all of us busy all our days. It will claim the whole life-work of every boy and girl at school or even in the nursery to-day: and their children too will have a part to play in it. It takes

many hands, many years, to rebuild a world. So, when the end of the fighting comes, neither disappointment nor relief will be quite to the point. There will still be "fighting jobs" for the asking—work and adventure and sacrifice for all. And those who refuse will just be unworthy to have lived in such days and to have come safe through them. They will be the true shirkers—"after the war".

II.

The hope of a better world.

For one thing at least we shall all agree on. The after-war world is bound to be poorer, but it ought to be better for what it has been through. Men and nations do not spend themselves as they are doing to-day without some hope of a solid recompense. Men and nations do not fight and suffer "to right the wrong" without meaning that things shall be more right and less wrong than formerly. But to end one wrong is little use if you start a hundred others in doing so, and leave them to run their course unchecked. And at present this seems to be about what has happened. In our hearts we agree with one who wrote from the trenches: "If I did not believe that the world is going to be better for this war, I should walk to the nearest German trench and get myself decently shot". A present like ours would

be quite unbearable if we knew that the future was only going to be worse. Unless it is a real beginning of better things, the war will have lost its one justification. It was the secret faith of the man in the street that Sir David Beatty voiced, when he wrote a year ago the much-quoted words: "Surely the Almighty God does not mean this war to be just a hideous fracas, a blood-drunken orgy; there *must* be purpose in it, improvement *must* be born out of it". But can we really see the improvement coming in any form that will last?

The coming of peace in itself will not mend things. In many ways it will make them harder. "It's tough work being Prime Minister during the war," said some one lately; "but it's beer and skittles to what it will be to be Prime Minister after the war." "After-war problems" and "the dangers of peace" are phrases with which we are growing familiar. Some of those dangers are already visible, only kept in abeyance because the war is on.

The dangers of peace.

Just look at one of them among many. We are accustomed to remember, at least now and then, the wider meaning of the "Roll of Honour". It is not the loss to the present that matters so much as the loss to the

A sample "After-war problem".

future: the loss of the leaders of a generation that will need good leading more than any other generation before. As the father of one such leader that might have been wrote to me after his son had fallen: "One cannot help wondering what the country will do ten or twenty years hence, when men like him would have been the back-bone of society". But that loss is at any rate being recognised. Do we realise widely enough another wrong which the war is doing to the future, in spoiling masses of good human material which is *not* being killed? In the working classes especially—to some extent even in the better-off classes—boys and girls are growing up to-day in conditions the very worst for producing good citizens. A stable, vigorous, disciplined population is the greatest need of the times ahead of us: and experience proves that you can only get such out of genuine *homes*, with an ordered home-life. But home-life has largely gone by the board. Home discipline was decaying before the war: the war, by removing so many fathers, has largely broken up what was left of it. Mothers and elder brothers and sisters have "gone into munitions," or other such work, and even mere children have become "wage-earners".

The ill effects are bewilderingly many, espe-

cially as, in present conditions, employment itself is no longer a discipline: for a boy will throw up his war job as soon as it bores him, and know that another can soon be found. Above all, the work itself is the very worst thing for both minds and bodies at just that stage. The years from fourteen to seventeen are, according to the experts, the most important in every man's life. They are those in which the body is "setting" towards manhood or womanhood, and the mind and spirit are also taking their permanent colour and shape. Monotony and strain are at this stage the deadliest enemies of the man that is to be—deadly to character as well as to physique. And yet the war work which is claiming the working-class boy and girl in their thousands is at once monotonous and over-tiring; and the ill effects of it are only doubled by the premature independence which its wages bring. We have no right to expect the boys and girls whom the war is thus affecting to-day to turn out, either physically or morally, the sort of citizens the future needs. It will not be their fault if they develop into weeds and wasters—an unstable and unproductive element in society. This too will be part of the waste of war—a part of it which peace will only make more obvious.

War-wastage of boy and girl life.

Peace, then, of itself will not make things better. Nor yet will the sacrifice of the present save the future, as some seem to think; though it shows how the future might be saved. People sometimes speak as if "all this wonderful sacrifice" were itself enough to set everything right, and usher in a better world. But there is this to bear in mind about sacrifice. Another man's sacrifice of himself for me does me no good unless I *enter into it*, and share the same spirit. Rather it leaves me worse than before—harder, less capable of being inspired. And so the sacrifice now being offered will prove a curse and not a blessing, unless it leaves the same spirit in those who survive. Then indeed it will achieve its object and bring in a new age. But short of this it will be wanton waste: it will but leave the world poorer and sadder—*and worse.*

Mere sacrifice will not save.

III.

And yet it *is* that which might save the future, as well as that which alone lights up our world to-day. The war has been teaching those who would learn the mysterious powers and prizes of sacrifice. It has shown not only what the spirit of sacrifice can do, but what it can give the man whom it grasps. It

What sacrifice can do.

gives him not only a new splendour in the eyes of others, but also a new satisfaction in his own heart. To that we shall come back later. At the moment we are concerned with the miracles which the spirit of sacrifice makes possible. "Things which we once considered Utopian," said Mr. Asquith in an early war speech, "are no longer Utopian now." Old gulfs have been bridged, old jealousies stifled. If this "war spirit" could but spread and last, it would help more than anything else in the hard times coming. But, as things now stand, it is "for the duration". Then, unless something happens meanwhile, they say we shall see "the inevitable reaction". The pendulum will swing to the other extreme: self-indulgence will take the place of self-sacrifice.

The threat of reaction.

It is only natural, from one point of view. We all know what it is to want to "get our own back". It is one effect of our instinct for justice. "We have done our bit," men will say on their return, "and now we mean to have our fling." "This French beer is such poor stuff"—so wrote an ingenuous Tommy in a Y.M.C.A. Hut in France—"that I've turned T.T. for the war. But please God, if I get home, I shall get drunk the first night." Nothing could be more "human" than this

spirit—yet nothing more fatal. For if this natural reaction once sets in, it will sweep from us all that the war may have taught us. It will rob us of just the spirit which has saved the situation during the war, and which alone can cope with the dangers of peace. And it will put in the saddle the opposite spirit—the old spirit of self-assertion, competition, suspicion—which will make each step and stage of the readjustment impossibly difficult. During the war men have remembered their duties and discarded their rights. After it, as things are shaping at present, they are likelier to remember their rights and discard their duties—and that when the spirit of duty will be more needed than ever. And if that does happen, well, God help our nation! We shall need His help, *and we shall not get it:* for we shall have proved that we did not deserve to win. To have seen, to have accepted, to have owed our lives to so much magnificent sacrifice, and then go back to the old selfish ways—that, God knows, would be a worse blot on our scutcheon than any possible defeat in the war.

The need of a new spirit.

And it will come to this, unless something else happens—something that will make the "war spirit" last. What we need is a new spirit right through the nation, like the war spirit, but bigger and better:

one that, when it grasps a man, grasps him whole, and will last for the rest of his days. Can such be had? and what do we mean by it? and how might it come? Those are the questions with which this little book is concerned. And you, who read, are a bit of the answer—a very important bit. For you are one through whom the right spirit may come to fight and conquer the spirit of reaction. To save the future lives are needed as well as deaths.

CHAPTER I.

SUPER-PATRIOTISM.

What we look for, work for, pray for as believers is a nation where class shall be bound to class by the fullest participation in the treasure of the one life; . . . where each citizen shall know, and be strengthened by the knowledge, that he labours not for himself only, nor for his family, nor for his country, but for God.—BISHOP WESTCOTT.

WHAT came over us all when the war broke out? Above all, a new sense of something to live for: the sense of a "Cause," a cause that claimed us, the cause of country and of freedom at once.

The birth of patriotism.

There is but one task for all,
For each one life to give;
Who stands if Freedom fall?
Who dies if England live?

So wrote Rudyard Kipling on a day in the first month of war. What it meant was that "self" was suddenly put out of action, with

all its "selfish" aims and ambitions. A new "self" took its place, and a new spirit filled us, the spirit known as patriotism. This new self was, when you come to think of it, none other than the "Patria,"—all that an Englishman means by "England," or a Frenchman by "France". Men lived no longer as Mr. A. or the Duke of B., but as Britons first and themselves only second. They were suddenly fragments, limbs of Britain: it was the spirit of the Empire that at once inspired and united us all.

Its dependence on war,

But it needed the war to bring this to pass. To many the claim which it urged came as quite a new one. The love and the hate which make the patriot were a new and an unexpected experience. Their country had hitherto meant little to them. Only when it was threatened did it begin to count. Men who have since died gladly for England thought patriotism nonsense in the days of peace. One such wrote from Germany only a few months before the war that he could more easily see himself dying for Germany than for England. But when the war came he found he was an Englishman after all, and was killed by a German bullet. Yet after the war such patriotism is likely to fade, just because it needed the war

to excite it. Even now its influence sometimes fails; and men who profess themselves excellent patriots will start, in one way or another, to play their own game once more, instead of only that of their country. Broadly speaking, such selfishness is out of fashion now: to put self before country is simply "bad form". But that is only because "there's a war on". Most of us had the same selfish outlook before the war, and we shall go back to it quite naturally afterwards—unless the new spirit, the "super-patriotism," arrives and lays hold of us first.

and its incompleteness.

To that super-patriotism this book is a call. If the spirit of patriotism is the spirit of his country inspiring a man, super-patriotism comes when he is grasped by the Spirit of God. But at once, when I say that, it sounds vague and unreal. We don't see how *that* Spirit is going to do it. But then neither did we see, before the war, how the spirit of Britain could grasp us and make us patriots. Again, the temper and attitude of the super-patriot, his whole way of life, will be what we have, perhaps, been vaguely bored with as Christianity. And then, too, a sense of unreality and disappointment comes up. Christianity, as we have known it or thought of it, is something

Super-patriotism and Super-war.

rather ordinary, dull, and detached. Super-patriotism ought, we feel, to be something exciting, absorbing, unique. And so Christianity is when you get there: *but you can only get there when you see it as war.* It is, in fact, the super-war which calls for and kindles the super-patriot.

Christianity as both.

To be a Christian is to feel, and to try to act, towards God—the God who has showed us His likeness in Jesus Christ—as in August, 1914, we all felt and wanted to act towards England. It is to recognise God's war as ours—the war for the triumph of good over evil. It is to admit the new claim, to feel the new love, to share the new hate; and so to find the old self sinking into the background, and God the new Self controlling our lives. That is why St. Paul says (Gal. ii. 20), "I live no longer as I myself, but Christ liveth in me": that is, "I am a Christian first, and myself only second—I exist to further the interests of Christ, to fight the battles of the Kingdom of God". So too he speaks of Christians as "members of Christ,"—limbs moved and inspired by Him as their "Head". Yet St. Paul too had once thought Christianity nonsense—the sort of nonsense he was bound to destroy, and would certainly never himself be guilty of. And he is

only one of hundreds of thousands who have made the same change of front.

War changes, visible and invisible.

There are probably some who will read these words who feel about Christian super-patriotism what that English lad in Germany three years ago felt and wrote about love of England. They cannot imagine themselves living, much less dying, for Christ. And three years ago it would have been quite hard to make them even think of the change as possible. To-day, with the other great change before them—yes, and within them—which the war has brought, they may perhaps be more willing to let me say on. For with that change other changes have come. Life itself has been changed by the new nearness of Death. Death has been changed by the numbers of young lives that have marched right through it and out of our sight. We are beginning to feel that we do live in two worlds, and that we need them both. If life in this world is to seem worth living, we must have some hold on that other world. And so, as Nicodemus came to see Jesus "by night," men have been secretly turning to God, and feeling about in the dark to find Him: and some who had little care for Him before are learning now that they can't do without Him. "It was like stretching out my hand in the dark:" so a

wounded soldier described to his hospital nurse what had happened to him in Gallipoli. He had left his religion behind with his childhood, and nearly forgotten it all. And then one day there came on him an overpowering sense of loneliness and need. He searched his memory for scraps of texts and prayers and hymns he had learned as a boy, and put up some sort of prayer to the God of his boyhood. "It was like stretching out my hand in the dark," he said; "and God came and found me."

An officer's change of front.

That experience of his is far from unique. I have myself met many officers and men, in France and at home, who have said much the same; and some have admitted that, like St. Paul, they were once not only indifferent but hostile. Here is part of a letter written by an Oxford undergraduate from an Officers' hospital to his former College tutor: "My experience in France has been of the greatest possible advantage to me from many points of view, but chiefly from a moral and religious point of view—in which respects I feel an altered man. It has indeed been a great revelation to me as to many others; for from being careless, negligent, and indifferent on such matters, I was brought to see that a man's strength needs to be supplemented, and to

acknowledge the great comfort and consolation provided by the too generally derided faith. And on this matter I feel that I owe you something like a personal apology. In the spacious days of peace, when Oxford and the world were unruffled by thoughts of war, I often sneered at and ridiculed—both to myself and to my coterie of friends—your efforts at making religion a living thing and at showing its efficacy. Now my opinion has completely changed. . . ."

The same revolution at home.

Nor is it only at the Front that such changes happen. The same revolution has been silently at work in many at home. Mr. H. G. Wells, the novelist, has never in the past been known as a friend of religion. He has been, in the strictest sense, a "free thinker," and an advocate (like so many other modern novelists) of a similar freedom from restraint in conduct. Religion, to such, has stood for restriction, a thing to be resisted in the interests of "life". God was, in their view, a sort of bogey, devised to bar men from the joys of "living their life" and "obeying their instincts". But what does Mr. Wells say now? In his latest novel he traces a typical English family from June, 1914, till the second winter of the war; and the central thread of the study is their rediscovery of God. On the last page but one the central

character—a father who has lost a best-beloved son of eighteen—sums up his war experiences in words which have already been widely quoted: "Religion is the first thing and the last thing, and until a man has found God and been found by God, he begins at no beginning, he works to no end. He may have his friendships, his partial loyalties, his scraps of honour. But all these things fall into place, and life falls into place, only with God. Only with God, Who is the End, Who is the Meaning. He is the only King."[1]

"He is the only King." If his Kingship were recognised, war would soon become impossible. For the nations would be but so many confederated "Dominions" in the Empire of God, living and working for one another because each was thinking first of His will. If Canada and Australia and India and South Africa can harmonise in the British Empire, there is no reason why some day, impossible though it now seems, France and Germany and Austria and England should not unite in the Kingdom of God. As the spirit of Britain unites the one group, so the Spirit of God and of Christ might harmonise the other—if once He *were* "the only King". Why not

The task of the super-patriot.

[1] "Mr. Britling Sees It Through," p. 432.

make Him so now and save the future? That is the task of the super-patriot, the man who gives his all in the super-war for the restoration of God. And that is the only war which will really end war, by making the world once more one home, one commonwealth, under one Creator, Father, and King.

CHAPTER II.

REBUILDING THE RUINS.

Then the king said unto me, For what dost thou make request? So I prayed to the God of heaven. And I said unto the king, If it please the king, and if thy servant have found favour in thy sight, that thou wouldst send me unto Judah, unto the city of my fathers' sepulchres, that I may build it.—NEHEMIAH ii. 4, 5.

NEHEMIAH was a man who had fallen on his feet. When the decree of the Persian king Cyrus had allowed the Jews to return to Palestine, after their seventy years' captivity, his family seems to have stayed on and made its home in the Persian capital, Shushan the Palace. And he himself had come in for a fat and influential post at court. As cup-bearer to the Great King he would be one of the most privileged court officials: and that he was an important one appears when he asks for leave of absence, for the king's first question is "When will you be back?"

At the Court of Persia.

The cause of this request was bad news from

"home". If England is always "home" for the Australian of to-day, much more so was Jerusalem to the Jew who had settled abroad. Things were in a bad way down there in the province, as the conquered Jewish kingdom had now become. "The wall of Jerusalem also is broken down, and the gates thereof are burned with fire." The news is enough to cloud Nehemiah's sky and take up all his thoughts. Jerusalem mattered so much to the faithful Jew that, with it in ruins, Nehemiah, though hundreds of miles away, could not feel himself. He must be up and doing something to help.

The call of country.

He might well have argued that he could best serve his country by staying where he was—pulling wires and playing the friend at court. He might—but he didn't. His strongest impulse was that which in these last years of war has changed so many modern lives: the impulse to go where the work was hardest and the need greatest—to go "to the Front". And so, regardless of position, prospects, or pay, he seizes the chance of asking the king for a special commission. "If it please the king, and if thy servant have found favour in thy sight, send me to Judah, to the city of my fathers' sepulchres, that I may build it." The

Practical patriotism.

rest of Nehemiah's book is the story of his building campaign: one in which fighting and building went on together, until, after heart-breaking worries and struggles, he had the joy of seeing his holy city purged, restored, and at peace once more.

Wanted, world-builders.

To-day that same spirit of practical patriotism is being spent perforce on a work which is not building but pulling down. True, there was much which needed to come down to clear the space for a new and better building. But the war itself will do nothing to build it: and, unless that new building is somehow built, the only result of so much sacrifice will be to leave the world a wilderness. Meanwhile, the men who might have done most to build the future are being buried among the ruins of the present and past. And the great call is for other builders to take their places, ready to labour all their days at the rebuilding of *our* Jerusalem. You must have heard those lines of William Blake:—

Bring me my bow of burning gold;
Bring me my arrows of desire;
Bring me my spear: O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire.
I will not cease from mental strife,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

That is the spirit we need in our lives, if they are not to disappoint both God and our country—and our dead. And, thank God, it is there, it has been stirred: it only needs to be developed and guided. As each one of you goes forward to live his life in the hard days ahead of us—those of you, that is, who come through, for one can't forget that some who are still boys to-day may yet be among the gallant dead, the thought of whom will inspire their successors—as you go forward, and hear God saying to you on the threshold of life, "For what dost thou make request?" surely, surely, you will with a true heart answer: "If Thy servant have found favour in Thy sight, send me unto the city of my fathers'—my brothers'—sepulchres, that I may build it".

The new world we dream of will not just build itself, any more than the stones of Louvain or Ypres will come together again when the war is over. The rebuilding will be as long and laborious as the destruction is great. And it will be building and fighting together, as it was for Nehemiah. "They which builded on the wall, and they that bare burdens, with those that laded, every one with one of his hands wrought in the work, and with the other hand held a weapon. For the

With sword and trowel.

builders, every one had his sword girded by his side, and so builded" (Neh. iv. 17, 18). Are you ready for that kind of thing? It is the only way of rebuilding the ruins. To be cup-bearer to the king of Persia was not good enough for Nehemiah when his city, "the city of his fathers' sepulchres," lay in ruins. No life ought to be good enough for us, who have lived through this war and seen the crucifixion of thousands around us, which is not really and actively helping to "build Jerusalem" in the land for which they died.

The choice of professions.

But what will it mean, this fighting and building? Not necessarily that you will have to take on special jobs, such as being parsons or social workers. It *may* mean that: for some it almost certainly will. It will be the duty of each, in deciding his profession, to ask, not (as formerly), "How much shall I get?" but "How much shall I thus be able to give? How much real 'building' shall I be able to put in?" The right sort of parson can do more giving and more building than almost anyone else. He will have more opportunities, and be more needed, now than ever; and there will be no danger of his job being taken for a soft one—not if he is the right

sort. It will be a fighting job if ever there was one: and unless more of the best type of men come and throw themselves into it, in the same spirit in which they have thrown themselves into the war, God knows what is going to become of the Church. So don't assume that the job at present before you is the one you're meant for till you're sure that no other offers a better chance of "rebuilding the ruins".

The new tradition.

It is not, however, to any special job, parson's or layman's, that I am concerned to call you now. What matters most is that you do your bit of rebuilding, by building in your own walk of life, whatever it be, *a new tradition*—the tradition of super-patriotism, of "God before self". The keynote of it was struck long ago by the wise man, Solomon:—

> In all thy ways ackowledge Him,
> And He shall direct thy paths.

If all the world had done that in the past, our paths would have been "directed" very differently. A world which really "acknowledged God in all its ways" could never have crashed into this war. Now that we are faced with the ghastly effects of leaving God out—for, as we shall see in the next chapter, it is really from this that the war has arisen—we ought to be ready,

God knows, to bring Him back again: into our own lives first, and, through them, into the life of the nation. To do so—to restore God to His Kingship—is the Crusade which awaits you, needs you, claims you: the Crusade of the trowel and sword. To that God asks you, and your country asks you, to give up your lives: the lives which alone can make fruitful the deaths by which they are being saved.

CHAPTER III.

THE HARVEST OF DEATH.

Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption.—GALATIANS vi. 7, 8.

THE call of the war to the rising generation is a call to strike out into a new tradition: a tradition the keynote of which shall be the restoration of God. "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths." To this the evidence supplied by the war relentlessly points us. In this direction only can we discover "the way of peace". To justify these apparently sweeping statements is the aim of this chapter and the next. But you will remember that we have already touched on the subject at the end of chapter I. To individuals, anyhow, the war has often brought a new discovery of God—His reality, His importance, His character. That is the one bright spot in the darkness. "Through the tender mercy of our God the dayspring from on high hath visited us: to give light to them that sit in

"Into the way of peace."

darkness and in the shadow of death, and to guide our feet into the way of peace."

Of St. Paul's words quoted at the head of this chapter the war might almost have been designed as a vast illustration. It is *a moral harvest*. What St. Paul means is that the universe runs on moral and spiritual lines. The material side of it—the side which we see—is only the outside. Its "true inwardness," as we say, is a spiritual thing. And as is the universe, so also is man: a spiritual being in a material framework, a spirit which works through a body. Man tries continually to forget that it is so, and live like an animal. But he is as continually reminded that he is more than mere matter, and that the life of his body is not the only nor the most important life he has to live.

Moral harvesting.

Reminders come to him out of the very world around him: its "true inwardness" beckons and appeals to his. Some of us can enter into these words of a young soldier-poet, now a prisoner in Germany:—

Voices of Nature.

What fairy in the falling rain
Takes the robin's small refrain,
And twists it to a tiny charm
To keep a tempted heart from harm?
It puzzles me a wild bird's song
Should save my soul from doing wrong.[1]

[1] F. W. Harvey, "A Gloucestershire Lad".

And many in the trenches have testified to the flood of old emotions suddenly released by hearing a lark singing high above them in a lull of the gun-fire.

Pain as a danger-signal.

Then, if such hints fail to remind men of their inner self, stronger ones follow. If a man won't believe that fire burns, and thrusts his hand into it, his hand is burned: and then he knows. The pain is a danger-signal. It says, "You are on the wrong track, get back again". In this way pain is really a safeguard. If burning, for instance, did not hurt, one might fall asleep with one's feet to the fire, and wake up to find one had nothing left below the knees. And it is just the same on the spiritual side of us. The essential meaning of sin is *mistake*. The Greek for it (*ἁμαρτία*) means "missing the mark". And what we call the penalties of sin are danger-signals to pull men up and head them back into the right direction. For our own benefit we are never quite allowed to forget our souls or to leave God out. Something happens to show we are calculating wrongly and making the great mistake of all. Men think they can "mock God," and find they cannot, any more than they can make twice two equal five. "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatso-

ever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." It is simply the working of cause and effect: as real in the moral and spiritual background of life as we know it is in the physical foreground.

The omission of God.

And such precisely is this war: a colossal danger-signal to warn the world of a colossal mistake, and head it back into the right direction. That mistake is *leaving God out.* Things could hardly have been managed so as to prove it more clearly. The war is the harvest of corruption that St. Paul predicts from "sowing to the flesh": that is, calculating as if man and the world were only matter—the view of life which we call materialism. And the significant thing is that the whole catastrophe is the direct result of the first avowed, big-scale application of materialism to international politics. Let me explain what that means.

Thoughts as world-forces.

The real world-forces are not things, but thoughts. Every movement, for good or for evil, starts as a thought in some one's mind; a thought which gets hold of him and shapes him, and, through him, gets hold of others and shapes them too. A man's acts are determined by his outlook; his outlook by his beliefs and thoughts. Now Germany for

many years past has been the headquarters of an outlook which one may call scientific materialism: materialism worked out into detail with German thoroughness, and based on one-sided admiration for the wonders of modern natural science. The great forces and laws of the material world, which the natural sciences discover and deal with, seem to have so impressed the German as to leave him no eyes for any other. "Power" became more and more the test-word in life: and "power" meant only material power. The highest and most complex manifestation of power in the world is the State—that which gathers up into itself all the big or little amounts of power belonging to all its citizens, and puts the sum total behind the national will and aim and ambition. A great nation unitedly on the move towards a splendid goal before it—that was how, after the triumph of 1870-71, the German Empire came to think of itself. And the goal itself grew with the growing sense of power. First it was only the unification of Germany: then it became predominance on the continent of Europe: and then—a world-wide empire. "World-power or Downfall": such, according to General von Bernhardi, six or seven years ago, was the issue to be decided

The thoughts of Germany.

in Germany's next war. And in the light of that thought the leaders of Germany lived, and prepared, and toasted "the Day".

The State in God's place.

And, lest such deliberate contempt for the rights of others should cause them scruples, their materialistic outlook came to their aid. Such scruples were mere false sentiment—a form of weakness; which is the only crime in a world in which power alone counts. "There is nothing above the State," and "the State is Power". That is the cardinal doctrine of the Prussian court-historian and philosopher Treitschke, whose teaching was one of the forces that most shaped and perverted modern Germany. And so, for him, a State which in any way lessens or gives away its power, out of respect for principles, is guilty of "the political sin against the Holy Ghost". It is putting something unreal above the highest reality—itself, its own power. If a State is strong enough to do what it wants, it is right to do it. Success is its own sufficient justification. There is no higher court of appeal.

The anti-Christianity of Nietzsche.

Along with this teaching of Treitschke, the apostle of militarism, came the very different but equally Godless philosophy of Nietzsche: one who hated Prussianism, but also worshipped physical power. His

life was an avowed campaign against the whole teaching and example of Christ, with His love for the weak and down-trodden, His emphasis on mercy and humility and self-sacrifice. Nietzsche's own ideal was the Super-man—a sort of glorified human animal, a "blonde beast": physically splendid, mentally a master of men; but free from any taint of the weakness of pity, and ready to sacrifice anyone and anything to his own advancement and satisfaction. Christianity was, he saw, the great force in the world which would thwart the Super-man, by telling men still to respect the weak and to seek to gain their lives by losing them. And so he denounces Jesus Christ as the greatest enemy of human progress. One of his books is entitled "Anti-Christ," and his cry is "Break up, break up, I pray you, the good and the just". For goodness and justice are only phantoms which keep the strong man from his own.

The violation of Belgium explained.

You will easily see how thoughts like these, silently at work in the brain of the nation, would lead right up to the war. And in fact the first step of Germany in the war was exactly in line with these principles. Belgium was violated just because they thought this would pay them best. If they succeeded,

it would thereby be justified. And they felt they were strong enough to succeed. In the circumstances, all they need think of was the balance of power: and that seemed all in their favour. The chief defence of Belgium was "a scrap of paper". To be held back by that would be stupid, old-fashioned, sentimental, wrong: it would be "the political sin against the Holy Ghost". So through Belgium they went. And their Chancellor thought the act sufficiently explained and excused when he told the Reichstag, "We did wrong, but we had to do it; otherwise we should have lost an advantage". In a word, military advantage must come before moral obligations and moral principles. Might, that is to say, is higher than right, or rather supersedes it. Might *is* right. The only wrong thing is to fail.

From materialism to chaos.

And that is the doctrine that we came into the war to fight. That is why we have no choice but to fight to a finish. If once the German doctrine were accepted, civilisation would run back to chaos in no time. Both nations and men would be working once more on

> The good old rule, the simple plan,
> That he should take who has the power,
> And he should keep who can.

If right and wrong varied from day to day like quotations on the Stock Exchange: if my neighbour only paid me his debt this week because he wasn't yet strong enough to refuse it, but was more than likely to return next week and get his own back with interest, civilised society would promptly collapse. And yet all that comes straight out of materialism; out of the doctrine of Treitschke that "there is nothing above the State," which is only another way of saying "There is no God"; out of the rage of Nietzsche to "break up" the restraining influences of "the good and the just". So dangerous is it to leave God out. Society, we are learning as never before, is based, not (as the Germans thought) on science, but on conscience: the sense and the fear of a God over all. "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." The natural harvest of materialism is war. The war, as I have said, is a colossal danger-signal, warning us to retrieve a colossal mistake. Could there be any stronger argument for setting out to build a new world on a new tradition—the tradition of "God before all"? "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths."

Civilisation and conscience.

But now don't let us on the other side, the

right side, be too pleased with ourselves; as if Germany were wholly at fault in this, and we as wholly right. All that Germany did was to be more logical than we, and go a step further. Having decided that God, and all God stands for, no longer mattered, they just applied this belief to international politics. But it is a belief on which the world at large has been cheerfully acting in most other things. Conscience has long since ceased to be that which really settles the line men take. A man will follow his conscience in some things: more often he will only think of what pays best, and do what he has a mind to. In commerce and business, for instance, the final question is apt to be "Does it pay?" Sweated labour, commissions, profiteering, false labelling of goods: we don't say they're right, but then "Business is business". And is not that just what the German Chancellor said about Belgium? "We did wrong, but we had to do it: otherwise we should have lost an advantage." It is profit before principle over again. Yes, and in our own private lives, it is just the same, every time a man refuses to do right because of what it will cost him. He too is acting on the principle which carried the Germans into Belgium: and "to him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it

And what of ourselves?

not, to him it is sin". It is all a question of leaving God out. For, as Ruskin says, "He who offers God the *second* place, offers Him nothing".

How long halt we?

And meanwhile the war is pressing on us the great question of all. "How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, *follow* Him." If God exists, He is all-important all the time; and we can only be scientific—we can only be successful—by treating Him as if He were so. "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths." In the past the attitude of the average Englishman towards God has been very much that of the hostess in Shakespeare's "Henry V." when she describes the death of Falstaff. "'A cried out—'God, God, God!' three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him 'a should not think of God: I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet." "No need to trouble himself yet!" as if God were a necessary inconvenience, to be avoided as long as possible: the God "in Whom we live and move and have our being," the God Who "so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son" to fight and fall in humanity's battle. Could there be a vaster miscalculation, a deeper or more many-sided sin?

And can we be surprised if such a mistake has led to such consequences? "Ye will not come to Me," said our Lord to the Jews, "that ye might have life:" and the only alternative to life is death. The world has got what it was asking for. God is not mocked. The war, in a sense, is His vindication: for it has shown men what comes of leaving God out.

CHAPTER IV.

THE HARVEST OF LIFE.

Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. . . . He that soweth to the spirit shall of the spirit reap life everlasting.—GALATIANS vi. 7, 8.

BUT the vindication of God through the war is twofold: and side by side with the harvest of death there is a harvest of life which tells the same tale. If "sowing to the flesh" means calculating as if matter were the only reality, as if men were but bodies and this life were all, sowing to the spirit means taking the spiritual background into one's calculations, and acting accordingly. And that is what many are doing perforce to-day who never did so formerly: *and it works out right.* "He that soweth to the spirit" does "reap life". The harvest from such sowing even already is enough to give a final and clinching argument for "the new tradition," the restoration of God.

Sowing to the spirit.

Briefly, whenever a man acts on the assump-

tion that the life of his body is not the most important part of him, he is "sowing to the spirit": and the experience of thousands who are doing so to-day is that life is better and bigger in consequence,—they are "reaping life". True, there is nothing a man can give "in exchange for his life": but there are things a man will give his life in exchange for, and not regret his bargain. He knows they matter more. Every soldier who volunteered because "he couldn't feel happy at home" is a proof of it: and the way such men *have* felt happy afterwards drives the proof home. "I think I told you," wrote one of my friends some time ago, soon after reaching the Front, from which ill-health had long kept him back,—"I think I told you that I feel extraordinarily happy and contented somehow." The strange, super-human cheerfulness of the trenches—the greatest miracle of the war—tells the same tale also. These men have been "sowing to the spirit": they are "reaping life". And the "life" does somehow make up for the hardships. "All the same, I wouldn't have missed the last nine months for anything;" so a gentleman trooper ended a hearty "grouse" to me about things in general at a camp in France in April, 1915.

Satisfaction through sacrifice.

And such men are not only happier, they are

bigger and better: and they know it themselves.

Growth through sacrifice.

Here is a story I was told by a well-known chaplain up at Béthune in July, 1916. One of his men had in civil life been a drink-sodden steeple-jack. I forget how many times he said he had been "before the beak". He was drunk when his friends took him to the recruiting-office; and he didn't know he was a soldier till next day. The eighteen months that followed had, he said, been the hardest time in his life. And yet "he knew he was a better man for it". How? He tried to excuse himself from explaining on the ground that he "hadn't words". But at last his *padre* got this much out of him. He had found, for one thing, that it is good to be temperate. (Hitherto his main idea of bliss was to drink.) And, for another, "you somehow feel you're living for something bigger than yourself". In a word, he had stumbled upon two key-notes of the Christian life—the life God made us for—self-denial, and devotion to a Cause: and he knew instinctively that, for all the hardships, he was the gainer.

The key to the mystery.

And carry the same discovery a little deeper in, in the words of one who, himself a Christian, was able also to explain his own experience. "I never enjoyed myself

so much," wrote an officer from the trenches, the very day before he was killed: "I never knew before what it was to be taken so completely out of myself". Or, as another put it: "I think the reason people are so cheerful is that there is hardly any *ego* about". What a testimony to those words of Christ which we have perhaps been inclined to dismiss as paradox! "He that willeth to save his life shall lose it: but he that loseth his life for My sake, the same shall find it." "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Jesus Christ, in fact, was right: He knew more about human nature than human nature knew about itself. But we preferred to go our own way, and buy our own experience bitterly. Now that we have paid for our lesson, shall we throw it away? The policy of *getting* leads to death: for it means competition, and war is only competition writ large. The policy of *giving*—self-giving—is leading men mysteriously back to life. And so it ceases to be strange that He Who said, "I came that they might have life, and have it more abundantly," said also to those who desired that life: "If any man willeth to come after Me, let him deny —efface—himself, and take up his own cross daily, and follow Me".

"The most living man," says the French

writer, Paul Sabatier, "is he who gives, forgets, sacrifices himself." "He that soweth to the spirit," denying the flesh, does "of the spirit reap life" more abundant; even when it is only for his country that he does it. What we need is to carry the same principle further. As we have seen in chapter I., Christianity is the true super-patriotism: acting by God and Christ as men to-day are learning to act by their countries. God asks a fuller and more painful sacrifice: that of "ourselves, our souls and bodies". "They that are Christ's have crucified the flesh, with the affections and lusts." But He also offers a fuller and wider sweep of life in return — "life which is life indeed". He who in this sense "sows to the Spirit"—who takes into his reckoning not merely the spiritual side of life but the Personal Spirit of God at its centre—does, of that Spirit, "reap everlasting life". Men have learned to sow to the *spirit* these days. All we need is to sow to the *Spirit* also. That is our new tradition.

The sacrifice of the super-patriot.

CHAPTER V.

"WHO IS SUFFICIENT FOR THESE THINGS?"

That low man seeks a little thing to do,
Sees it and does it:
This high man, with a great thing to pursue,
Dies ere he knows it.
. . . . . .
That has the world here: should he need the next,
Let the world mind him!
This throws himself on God, and, unperplexed,
Seeking shall find Him.

—ROBERT BROWNING.

THE call which comes to us out of the war is a call to a great and difficult adventure. It is a call to reverse the whole direction of modern life: to strike out into, and help others to strike out into, a new tradition, of which the central, guiding rule shall be, "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths". The old tradition has frankly failed. Our present darkness and agony are, as we have seen, the direct consequence of leaving God out. Our old world lies in ruins

The old and the new.

around us. A new world of some sort has to be built: and the rising generation will somehow have to build it. Will they have the faith and courage to build it on the very opposite lines to the old? That is the critical question.

Encouragement and danger.

There is, as we have seen, a big encouragement to push forward. The new lines have already largely been laid down by the war. For the time being, the new tradition is largely in force. Love of country has sent men bounding along that very path of self-effacement which Christ marked out as "the way of peace". Only for us it is the way of war. The tragic thing is that what men might have gained by following Christ in one united war against evil, they have preferred to learn by fighting among themselves. The gain is almost swallowed up in loss: and the worst of it is, the loss will last, while the gain will vanish,—unless steps are taken to perpetuate it, by rising from "the war spirit" into "the Spirit of Christ".

The *reductio ad absurdum* of Man.

And the question is, How can we do it? The task this generation is up against is frankly too much for human nature. If there is one thing more than another which the war has brought home, it is the weakness and futility of human nature, even in its most

enlightened and (so-called) progressive form. The beginning of the twentieth century saw mankind forging ahead, as it seemed, with the aid of the new science, towards complete mastery of the world around it. One invention followed on another: each making easy what quite a short time ago would have seemed a miracle. At last a golden age of comfort and culture seemed well in sight. And now! From that bright outlook and sense of power we have plunged abruptly into the greatest tragedy in human history: and the worst part is that we can't get out of it again. Human nature on both sides is heartily sick and sad with it all. But neither side sees any remedy but mutual massacre and exhaustion. Surely it is the *reductio ad absurdum* of civilised man! "S'il n'existait pas Dieu," as the French wit said, "il faudrait l'inventer." If there were no God, we should have to invent one: for if man is the highest thing in the world, the world is insane.

Fortunately for us, we haven't to invent God: only to restore Him, to let Him come back. Therein lies the only hope of mankind in the uphill battle which lies before it, if it is to retrieve the tragedy and save the future. "Man's extremity is God's opportunity,"—if man will only give God His

God's opportunity.

chance. "Not that we are sufficient of ourselves to think anything as of our own ability: but our sufficiency is from God." We now know our weakness: shall we let God make us strong?

Our fear of ourselves.

There is nothing, I suppose, which so unfits a man for work before him as a sense of "not being up to it". Of nothing is a man so afraid as of the hidden weakness of his inner self. "Conscience doth make cowards of us all:" not so much, perhaps, by reproaching us with things we have done as by reminding us of the awful things we might do. Our own heart knows, as no outsider knows, the full possibilities of evil inside us—the many ways in which we might fail. Men, and boys, will go all their days in terror of this inner self, as of some wild beast liable at any moment to break the uncertain chain which holds it. And while one is thus handicapped by the unnerving presence of the foe within, how can he join in the great battle of God against evil around?

> How can we fight for truth and God
> Enthralled by lies and sin?
> He who would fight for Thee on earth
> Must first be true within.

And that is just where the rub comes. How can I *be sure of myself?*

There was published lately a volume of poems by a Marlborough boy, Charles Hamilton Sorley, who was killed in France in October, 1915, at the age of 20. One of them, written when he was only 17½ and still at school, is a strange and vivid picture of how this sense of his own weakness may grip a man—and undo him. It suggests the things a man will do because he feels weak and wants to be strong. The man is standing by a dark, swift river by night.

Weakness and strength.

The mass of blackness moving down
Filled full of dreams the eye;
The lights of all the lighted town
Upon its breast did lie.
The tall black trees were upside down
In the river's phantasy.

He had an envy for its black
Inscrutability.
He felt impatiently the lack
Of that great law, whereby
The river never travels back,
But still goes gliding by:

But still goes gliding by, nor clings
To passing things that die,
Nor shows the secrets that it brings
From its strange source on high:
And he felt, "We are two living things,
And the weaker one is I".

"The weaker one is I:" that is the trouble. The silent, steady strength of the stream brings home to him the contrast, and makes him yearn to be also strong.

He saw the town, that living stack
Piled up against the sky.
He saw the river running black
On, on, and on. Oh, why
Could he not move along his track
With such consistency?

He had a yearning for the strength
That comes of unity:
The union of one soul at length
With its twin soul to lie;
To be *a part of one great strength*
That moves and cannot die.

Notice those last words. They say so exactly what anyone who knows himself knows to be his deepest need, though often he can't find words to express it. The man in the poem, anyhow, overcome by this yearning "to be a part of one great strength," takes a sudden, unpremeditated step, as he thinks, to satisfy it. He throws himself into the stream.

The thing that never travels back
Received him silently.
And there was left no shred, no wrack,
To show the reason why:
Only the river running black
Beneath the blacker sky.

It is a startling, sombre way of putting it: but isn't it very true to that fear of his own weakness, and strange unreasoning worship of anything strong, which is even more alive, I think, in boy than in man, and by which all of us are at any rate sometimes haunted, till we find ourselves

"A part of one Great Strength."

> a part of one Great Strength
> That moves and cannot die?

And what the Gospel of Jesus Christ has to offer is precisely a place, for every one who will apply for it, in the "one Great Strength" of Almighty God, the Strength of the One Father out of Whose Life our little fragmentary lives came forth, and Who made us "for Himself," —to "live and move and have our being" *in Him*. "Not that we are sufficient of ourselves . . . but our sufficiency is from God." The whole secret of what we call the Christian life lies just in that discovery: "I can't, but God can," and, as St. Paul discovered and countless others ever since, "I have strength for anything *in Him* Who gives me the power". If I am "in Him" and He is "in me," then nothing is impossible: for, in the old saying, "God *plus* one makes a majority". It is a case of not living by oneself, nor on one's own

resources, but having the Son of God by one's side and in charge. "I don't get past, *we* get past." So said an old converted drunkard, when his friends asked him how it was that he now got safely past the public-house which before had always engulfed him. "I don't get past, *we* get past." That is the very heart of the matter. Our part is only to keep in touch: "under orders" and *ready to obey* them. Christ does the rest. And the man who thus has Christ living in him, living his life for him, is the man we call a Christian. "I live," says St. Paul again, "no longer as I myself, but Christ liveth in me."

Strength through Friendship.

And the way into this "one Great Strength that moves and cannot die" is not by learning things, "believing" things, doing things, doing without things,—not by any kind of observance or discipline, but simply by *finding one's Friend.* To find our friend is what, consciously or unconsciously, we are always trying to do. We know in our hearts that a real friend is the highest form of wealth: that without a friend the richest of men is poor. And we want, and value, the right kind of friend not merely because he makes us richer and happier, but because he makes us good, — because he brings out the best

self in us. "Our chief want in life," says Emerson, "is some one who shall *make* us do what we can; this is the service of a friend." And what Christianity comes to boy or man and says is; "You needn't wait to be happy and rich and at the top of your form till the great friend you are hoping for comes along; you needn't depend for help and happiness on a friend who, at best, is only human, and who must some day die; for the Perfect Friend can be had for the asking *now*". "This is life eternal that they may *know Thee*, the only true God, and Jesus Christ Whom Thou hast sent." The coming of Christ was just to make men see what God is like, so that they should want to make friends with Him Whose great desire is to make friends with us. A Christian is one who has made friends with the ever-living, ever-present Son of God.

God the ever-present.

It is the continual *presence* of God, of Christ, that makes His friendship so valuable. A friend of mine, a Chaplain at the Front, asked a lad he was preparing for Confirmation, "What do you think is the chief thing about Christianity?" After a pause the answer came, and he was delighted with it: "Isn't the chief thing, Sir, that *He's always there?*" That's about it. The same friend has

since been through the thick of the Somme fighting and won the D.S.O. for the part he played. He wrote to me afterwards: "I have tested in fire what we called 'Omnipresence,' and found it true; circumstances simply don't matter". An done could quote a dozen testimonies from friends at the Front to the same effect. IF IT'S TRUE—and it is not likely so many independent witnesses, not only now but all down the ages, should all be utterly out in their reckoning,—IF IT'S TRUE, isn't it pure tragedy that any life should go on feeling weak and puzzled and ineffectual, and afraid of its own weakness, when, for the asking, it can become

> a part of one Great Strength
> That moves and cannot die?

And isn't it something like treason to the country, to the future, to God Himself, to shirk one's part in the campaign of world-building because one is "not up to it," when one might "be able for anything *in Him* Who gives the power"? "Behold," says Christ, "I stand at the door and knock. If any man hear My voice and open the door, I will come in unto him and will sup with him and he with Me. To him that overcometh I will give to sit with Me on My throne, even as I also overcame, and sat down

with My Father on His Throne." That, and no less, is the goal to which the "one Great Strength" is moving, and wants to carry you and me.

Strength and purity.

Of course there is a condition: a simple but a very sweeping one. If Christ comes in, He comes in as Master, and He must have His own way in the house. And the first thing He will want to do is to clean it out: and some things may have to be turned out as rubbish or dirt which we, perhaps, have treasured as ornaments. That has to be faced: for there is no such thing as sharing God's strength except a man also shares His purity. But then when you really care for some one, your chief desire is that *he* should be satisfied: where he is concerned, self comes in second. And also it's not as if Christ said, "You must clean up your life before I can help you". What He says is "Let Me in, and *I'll* help you to clean up your life". A favourite phrase of the great preacher Spurgeon used to be, "Come to Christ, *chain and all*": *not* "first throw off your chain, and then be religious". And isn't it worth a lot to be free and pure? Those who shrink from the struggle to be pure do know in their hearts that they *want* to be pure, if they could but see how. And there's nothing that brings

rest and strength and gaiety into a life like the sense, "I really am getting the victory". I wonder may I quote two letters from one of those to whom this book is dedicated, to show what I mean? He had decided at last to try what I had urged about this in his School Chapel, and wrote to me afterwards to report progress. In one he says: "Oh, how happy I feel, now I feel that I have conquered this sin!" And in another, some weeks later: "People in the house say that I have been much better-tempered lately, and I can quite believe this true; as I feel much better-tempered myself since I have given up that sin".

It is the old story of Sir Galahad:—

> My strength is as the strength of ten
> Because my heart is pure.

Every true boy wants to be a strong man; and the world needs the boys of to-day to be the very strongest men they can be; and it matters to our Lord and His Kingdom even more. Think it all over, and see whether you can't give Him His way with your life more fully and loyally than ever before. For it means everything to you, to the country, and to Him that you should be

And you?

> a part of *His* Great Strength
> That moves and cannot die.

CHAPTER VI.

THE HIGHER HUMANITY.

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When duty whispers low "I must,"
The youth replies, "I can".
—R. W. EMERSON.

I am able for anything *in Him* Who gives me the power.—ST. PAUL.

To build a new world: to start a new tradition. That is the task that needs the new power of which we have been thinking; the power which makes *new men*. "If any man be in Christ Jesus, he is a new creature: old things are passed away, nay, look you, they are become new." Things strike him quite differently: and he too strikes the world around him with a different and a surer stroke. He is no longer a fragment of life driven hither and thither on the stream of events, the creature of his circumstances. He is "a part of One Great Strength that moves and cannot die,"—a master of every situation, because he never confronts

Men re-made.

any alone. The strongest Will and Wisdom and Power in the universe is behind him.

Reinforcement by God.

It is a great new output of this "higher humanity" that the world is needing to bring things right. And every individual is made and meant and wanted to be part of it. Every human creature is, as it were, a piece of mechanism made to be worked by the power, directed by the will, of Almighty God. Between man as he too often makes himself and man as God wants to make him there is all the difference that there is between an aeroplane crumpled and rusting in a field and the same machine battling its way through the clouds like a live thing. The tragedy is that comparatively so few of us really rise to our "higher humanity"—humanity *reinforced by God* — by sharing our lives with the One Who made and alone can manage them.

Some effects of it: (1) Moral strength.

Just look at a few results of being thus "reinforced by God," through living the shared life, —the life in which it is "no longer I" but "we".

1. In the first place, it does make a man proof against temptation. People assume that, because certain temptations are common to all of us, certain sins are necessary and excusable in all. This is the same as to say that, because

influenza germs happen to be in the air all round you, when an epidemic is on, therefore everybody is meant to have influenza: whereas, in fact, the prevalence of the germs only has the effect of making men take precautions which will make them proof. And if experience shows that there *is* a remedy against succumbing to temptation, no man can go on claiming that he is meant to succumb. I have already quoted (in last chapter) one testimony to the power of the higher humanity to foil temptation: let me add another—that of one who in his day was a great athlete and a distinguished soldier. "I was tempted often and desperately," he told an audience of young men in later life, "but God in His mercy brought me through it all, clean and victorious. And how? By nothing of my own: but, when the temptation beset me, something prompted me always and at once to shut my eyes, and to say to myself, 'Jesus Christ'." *That* made the difference: why? Because the Friend called in was already there, only waiting for the call. The "something that prompted" was His Spirit.

(2) The cure for loneliness.

2. Again, the shared life saves a man from loneliness, which is the source of most of the unhappiness and not a little of the sin of the world. As life gets on,

one begins more and more to realise what a very lonely thing it is.

> Yes! in the sea of life enisled,
> With echoing straits between us thrown,
> Dotting the shoreless watery wild,
> We mortal millions live alone.[1]

Now and then we "discover" one another, as the ship in which these lines are being written "discovered" Malta, away out by itself in mid-Mediterranean, yesterday. But the sudden mutual understanding somehow vanishes: except in a few instances we can't follow it up. The night before, apparent intimacy: next morning, the great gulf fixed again, perhaps never to be bridged a second time. Even with what we call "close" friends we are only too conscious of distance—a distance that varies in a baffling, unaccountable way. There is the longing to understand and be understood, but there isn't always the power. But in the higher humanity *there is*. The Christian is one who never can feel lonely or misunderstood so long as he "keeps in touch" by practising the presence of God. And in the most wonderful way, as he grows accustomed to open his heart unreservedly to his unseen Friend, he finds himself also getting nearer the other human islands

> Dotting the shoreless, watery wild

[1] Matthew Arnold.

around him. The atmosphere in which he lives makes him more approachable, and gives him a new desire *and power* of approach to others. And this enriches life and gives it meaning and purpose as nothing else can. Those who really live in the Divine Friendship gain the faculty of making friends among men. That is surely what our Lord meant when He said that those who have "left house or brothers or sisters or mother or father or children," for His sake and to do His work, should receive "an hundred-fold more now in this time" of *the same things*, as well as "in the world to come, life everlasting". All who are friends of Jesus Christ have the best possible point of contact with one another: and one might almost say that "points of contact are the highest form of wealth".

3. Then, too, the higher humanity has the secret of courage in danger and indifference to death, because the friend of Jesus Christ knows that nothing that happens can really hurt him, and that He Who is looking after him is the Conqueror of death. He sees things set in a wider horizon than that of this life, and can say with St. Paul, "O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be unto God, Who giveth

(3) Indifference to danger and death.

us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." See the new horizon revealing itself in these words of a subaltern at the Front, writing to his mother. "Those who have not been to the trenches think it should create a pathetic yearning over life and the so transitory gleam. . . . The fellowship of death has taught us better and truer things. Yet, because death is strange, pray humanly that the cup may pass from me, dear mother. Pray that, as is permissible: but *never grieve* if it is not so, for God's ways are glorious and past finding out in His *love* for the children of men." (The italics are in the original.) And focus in with it this further glimpse, through the eyes of a brother-officer, of faith looking death between the eyes. "It may perhaps comfort you a little to hear of Stanley before he went up to that attack. I was myself hit in the forenoon, and he came over and spent some time with me. He was absolutely happy and serene, though he knew well what an inferno he was going to. If ever I saw faith in a man's face, it was in his." Add also, as one more testimony among many, the words of a native lad from a missionary public school in Ceylon, who came over to fight in the ranks for the Empire. He was writing of his experience on the first day of the Somme battle.

"All this stress has taught me one great thing, and that is, our Almighty Father is with us always and everywhere. All this stress has strengthened my faith. Just before we climbed over the parapet, these few lines gave me tremendous courage:—

> Absolutely tender, absolutely true,
> Understanding all things, understanding you:
> Infinitely loving, exquisitely near—
> This is God, our Father: what have we to fear?"[1]

(4) Inspiration.

4. But there are also more positive qualities in the higher humanity—humanity reinforced by God. There is a certain power which takes the place of, and will do far more than, what men call talents or gifts. I know no better expression of it than these words of the great Bishop Phillips Brooks of New York: "Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers. Pray for powers equal to your tasks! Then the doing of your work shall be no miracle. But *you* shall be a miracle. Every day you shall wonder at yourself, at the richness of life which has come in you by the grace of God. There

[1] It is perhaps appropriate that I should be writing this section in about the "unhealthiest" part of the Mediterranean, with life-belt and wraps beside me (by order), as the signal for boat-stations may be given at any moment. I hope I should not have the effrontery to urge such a faith in such surroundings, if I did not honestly believe it myself.

is nothing which comes to seem more foolish to us, I think, as years go by, than the limitations which have been quietly set to the moral possibilities of man. They are placidly and perpetually assumed. 'You must not expect too much of him,' so it is said. 'You must remember that he is only a man after all.' Only a man! That sounds to me as if one said, 'You may launch your boat and sail a little way, but you must not expect to go very far. It is only the Atlantic Ocean.' Why, man's moral range and reach are practically infinite: at least no man has yet begun to comprehend where its limit lies. Men's powers of conquering temptation, of despising danger, of being true to principle, have never been even indicated, save in Christ." And in the higher humanity of the Christian the human powers are reinforced by nothing less than His. It is not only moral difficulties that it is good to face with Him. The same applies to any emergency, any problem. Here too it is true, that "I don't get past, *we* get past". If you want to do anything properly, do it with God. Every Christian is meant to be "on the spot" every time: for he might, if he would, be a man inspired. To quote Emerson once more, "God is everywhere, having His will, and He cannot

be baffled. Make His business yours, as did His Son. The man who works with Him is constantly assured of achievement."

5. But last, and for our present purpose far from least, the man who shares his life with Jesus Christ has a constant motive to urge him to service. He is working for his Friend, and he is working under his Friend's eye: and the thought of what that Friend has done for him makes him brave and eager. There is nothing like love to make men courageous. Even a sheep, when it has a lamb to defend, will stand up to a dog that attacks it. And, as John Wesley used to put it: "All that I know of Christianity is summed up in one word—'We love Him because He first loved us'". "The love of Christ," says St. Paul, "*constrains* us . . . to live no longer for our own ends but for His, Who for our sakes died and rose again." There again we get the keynote of the new tradition—"God before self".

(5) Incentive to service.

Such is the higher humanity, of which every Christian is supposed to be a working model. Just look back over the qualities of this new and higher kind of man which we are meant to be, with his power to rise superior to temptation, danger and death; his secret of friendship with God and with man;

The true Super-man.

his gift of being equal to any occasion; his unfailing energy of service, inspired by love. Think what a great new output of *such* "Supermen" — not Nietzsche's variety—could do to rebuild the world to-day. Where are they to come from? All that is needed is—you and I, willing to let God re-make us along His own lines: willing to go into training as Superpatriots, to help God our Friend to win back His lost world. What line shall we take?

Here are two prayers for those who want to be soldiers of God. The first is by Thomas Hughes, the author of "Tom Brown's Schooldays"; the second by Ignatius Loyola, founder of the Society of Jesus, who himself began life as a soldier.

Two prayers for world-builders.

A PRAYER FOR ACTIVE SERVICE.

O God of Truth, Whose living Word
Upholds whate'er has breath,
Look down on Thy creation, Lord,
Enslaved by sin and death.

Set up Thy standard, Lord, that we
Who claim a heavenly birth,
May march with Thee to smite the lies
That vex Thy groaning earth.

Ah! would we join that blest array,
And follow in the might
Of Him, the Faithful and the True,
In raiment clean and white?

How can we fight for truth and God,
Enthralled by lies and sin?
He who would fight for Thee on earth
Must first be true within.

O God of Truth, for Whom we long,
Thou Who wilt hear our prayer,
Do Thine own battle in our hearts
And slay the falsehood there.

So, tried in Thy refining fire,
From every lie set free,
In us Thy perfect truth shall dwell,
And we may fight for Thee.

A PRAYER FOR THE SOLDIER SPIRIT.

Teach us, good Lord, to serve Thee as Thou deservest: to give and not to count the cost; to fight and not to heed the wounds; to toil and not to seek for rest; to labour and not to ask for any reward, save that of knowing that we do Thy will: through Jesus Christ our Lord.

CHAPTER VII.

PRACTICAL PRAYER.

He that would be little in temptation, let him be much in prayer.—JOHN OWEN.

In the larger sense of the word, as the spiritual language of the soul, prayer is intercourse with God, often seeking no end beyond the pleasure of such intercourse.—H. P. LIDDON.

THE Christian life, as we have been thinking of it, is a life in which God and a mortal co-operate. "I don't get past, *we* get past." And the method, so to speak, of co-operation is what we call Prayer. Prayer is our human way of *getting into* the broad, strong current of the life of Christ, and so becoming

Co-operative life.

a part of One Great Strength
That moves and cannot die.

As we have seen, we are not meant to live simply on our own resources, nor yet on our own account. While we do, we can neither succeed nor be really happy. But a Christian finds that, when he stops living *for* himself, he also no

longer has to live by his own exertions. *Things are done for him.* He finds himself twice the man he was: so long as he is letting the "One Great Strength" work through him, he is always on the spot, always "on top". And what this implies is that his chief task and responsibility as a Christian is to keep in touch, "under orders," under control: which in turn means cultivating the art of *remembering that God is there.* And that is Prayer: "the practice of the Presence of God".[1]

Prayer as co-operation with God.

Now Prayer is a thing which probably all of us do, more or less; and about which we are always hearing sermons; and which, frankly, most of us look upon as a religious duty which is rather a bore. One is generally bored with things one feels one ought to do but doesn't really understand or do well. And the remedy is to study and practise—as we

[1] This is the title of a little book (it can be had for 2d.) by "Brother Lawrence," an old Lay Brother who was cook in a French monastery in the late sixteen-hundreds and became known throughout France for his wonderful nearness to God. His letters of advice to those who consulted him are still being read all over the world: a good instance of the unlimited influence of a very ordinary and unlearned man who really did "share his life" with God. His great aim was, even in the monastery kitchen, never for a moment to forget the Presence of God.

do with anything else which we regard as worth doing. The question is, are we ready to do the same with Prayer—to take enough trouble to get really good at it? Of the importance of it there can be no two opinions. If there is anything in all that this little book is trying to say, it would seem to be the key to the situation—the means of reinforcing oneself with the power of Christ and living "in Him". It is infinitely more than asking for things at intervals, or even occasionally talking to God: it is that which brings God into action by our side all the time. And the experience of all those who have really tried it tells the same tale: that it *is* the thing that makes all the difference. "The devil will let you keep anything else," an experienced teacher once told a group of young men who were about to be ordained, "if he can take your private prayers from you. He will let you keep your Bible, your public worship, even your Holy Communions. For he knows that, if he can rob you of your prayers, he holds the key to the position."

A vast amount of experience supports this view. Yet even still it is comparatively rare to find a man, outside the circle that make a special profession of religion, who approaches the problem of his prayers scientifi-

The need of practising Prayer.

cally—as he would (say) the problem of becoming a good pianist or a good bat. Men won't give the needed time and thought: and then they profess themselves disappointed with prayer. "I've tried, but it doesn't work." "I gave it up because it didn't do me any real good." "I did pray in such and such an emergency, but nothing happened." As well might a man who had never tried to play more than five-finger exercises, and had given up even that, complain that piano-playing was no good, because, when he sat down to a Sonata of Beethoven, he could not get beyond the first bar. Prayer is a form of work, and hard work. You know the proverb, "Orare est laborare". It calls into play every part of a man's nature; and it can only really come off, so to speak, when all are harmonised by the Spirit of God. Yet we rush into it as unconcernedly as one rushes off to wash one's hands when the dinner bell rings; and the whole thing is over almost as quickly. This sort of thing gives God no chance.

Some practical suggestions.

What follows is only for those who are ready to take some pains with their prayers. The rest can save themselves the trouble of reading it. It is only some very simple and rather obvious suggestions for acquiring the art of Prayer and putting it into

practice to the best advantage. Of course no two natures are the same: what suits one may be useless to another. These suggestions, therefore, are only suggestions, not "rules". But with a little experimenting each can find out how best to use them. The main thing is that nothing should be refused just because it takes time and trouble; or because we have never done it before.

Morning prayer-time.

The united verdict of all who have attained to "the higher humanity," by living near to God, is that the most essential thing of all is to make one's *morning* prayer-time sufficient, and keep it sacred. It is then that the mind is least over-laid with the distractions of life, and so can best concentrate and make contact with God. As some one has put it, the mind is then "in a freer and more natural state, resembling somewhat a sensitive plate, where impressions can readily leave their traces". And what is wanted is that God should imprint His own image indelibly on it before other things crowd in. The man or boy who takes enough time *then* to get the thought of his Friend and Partner's Presence clearly stamped on his mind, through unhurried conversation with him about all that is in his heart, is the one who instinctively *remembers*

later, when the trouble or temptation comes along.[1]

Bringing God to others.

Nor is it only he himself who profits. Often quite unconsciously, he will bring the same Presence and influence with him into other lives he comes in touch with, and so (as it has been finely put) help to feed "the secret springs from which the regenerative forces of society proceed". That in itself is the best form of world-building. And, as Bishop Phillips Brooks has said, "To know God so that other souls may know Him from us; to be in any way a deepener and enlightener of the lives of our brethren—what is there for a man to thank God for like that?" When we find ourselves sluggish and unwilling to take trouble with our morning prayer, it is not a bad thing to remember it is *others* we are wronging as well as ourselves: not only those whom we should

[1] Another footnote from the surroundings in which I am writing may come in here, to illustrate the effect of "remembering". Last night a fellow passenger, a young R.F.C. officer, speaking of the fierce temptations of Egypt, admitted that once or twice he had very nearly given in: but he had thought of his *fiancée* in England, and it cleared the whole atmosphere in an instant. "One felt a sort of warm glow all over." And he added, "By Jove, I *was* glad I had clinched things with her before I left England". So it is with remembering Christ: only in this case one is remembering a Friend who is *already there*.

help by praying for them, but those into whose lives the atmosphere of God's Presence might come with us. So make sure that you get each morning "enough time to forget time": that is, to get clean out of the distracting atmosphere of the lower life into that in which God can be felt. In other words, decide over-night to get up at whatever hour will give you enough time: and in the morning stick to it! The two minutes after one is called are often the most critical moment of the day: the moment which decides the whole day's campaign.

Then as to using this time, a few hints may help.

A programme of Prayer.

1. Write down on a sheet of paper a list of the things and people that are most "on your mind," and that you have most to do with; in fact, all the things about which you would naturally talk to your best friend—especially if he were so rich and powerful that he could also do anything you wanted. Remember often, "Christ is interested in *anything* that interests me". Then divide up these subjects over the days of the week, to give variety and avoid having just to hurry through. Some people and things will, of course, come in daily; and every day you'll go over that day's programme, step by step, with our Lord be-

forehand, and ask Him to meet you at all the danger-points. Also, if you are really "friends" with Him, you'll naturally think of what interests Him—His great campaign in the world—as well as of what concerns yourself.

2. Read a few verses of the Bible before you kneel down, and see if they suggest anything to *bring in* to the prayer that follows.

3. Have your list of subjects before you, and *begin* on whatever you find easiest to pray for. If you can't finish before breakfast or early school, arrange to finish later on: *but that's harder.*

4. Don't worry if your thoughts wander—so do mine and everybody's. When you catch them wandering, just "apologize" (so to speak) and go straight ahead again. Having the list before you will help. To fix the eye is half the battle of fixing the thoughts. And don't think it necessary always to kneel. Sometimes one can concentrate better sitting.

5. When you find your own thoughts won't flow easily, and you can't get up any keenness to pray, take some familiar Prayer-Book Collect, or a short Psalm, or a hymn which is a prayer, and try to make its words and thoughts your own. When any such prayer or hymn strikes you as one you might

The use of written prayers.

use, make a note of it. And every Sunday take a quarter of an hour some time to write out the Collect for the week for use as part of your own daily prayer that week, and to bring your list of subjects up-to-date, by asking, "Am I really covering the ground? Have any new people or things come into my life since last Sunday, which ought to come into my prayers?"

"Ejaculatory" Prayer.

Then during each day pull yourself up occasionally just to "remember," and share your passing thoughts with Him Who "is always there". Some, for instance, try to remember God whenever they hear a clock strike. It takes no time: there is no need to stop what you are doing (unless it is wrong): and it gradually forms the habit of remembering *always*. Try never to make a decision or face an interview with anyone without first turning round to get His advice. Did you notice Nehemiah's quick prayer as he stood by the royal dinner-table in the passage which stands at the head of chapter II.? That is exactly the sort of thing I mean. It is so easily done, and is never inappropriate. A boy in a Mission College in India was playing in a football match, and made a magnificent shot. Instinctively out came the exclamation, in his own language, "Look, Lord Jesus!" He and Nehemiah were both on the right track.

Of course all this may at first sound rather far-fetched and unnatural: and it will require a real effort of will to set out to achieve it. But the thing to hold on to is that, *if* there is the "One Great Strength" which we are meant, and need, and in our hearts do really want, to become part of; and *if* the great need of the world is that this Great Strength should be released to rescue and restore it: then all difficulties must give way before the plain *duty* of being the best and strongest men we can. And if you'll only give the plan outlined above fair trial, you will soon find it make such a difference to life that you won't grudge the time and trouble demanded.

Self-training in Prayer.

Only, don't forget the condition. "If ye *abide* in Me, and My words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done for you." But "if I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me". We can't be part of the One Great Strength of the Divine Purity while wilfully keeping in our hearts what we know to be sin. We *must* be clean if we want to be strong. But then, if we really want to be clean, He Who strengthens can also, and does, cleanse. It is not our sins, but our refusal to part with them, that alone can baffle Him "Who taketh away the sin of the world".

The condition of success.

CHAPTER VIII.

WITNESS AND WAR.

We are here on earth not to contemplate but to transform created things: to found, as far as in us lies, the image of the Kingdom of God on earth, not to admire earth's contrasts.—MAZZINI.

To do anything because others do it, and not because the thing is good or kind or honest in its own right, is to resign all moral control and captaincy upon yourself, and go post-haste to the devil with the greater number.—R. L. STEVENSON.

"To transform created things," by building a new world on the lines of a new and Christian tradition: that, we have seen, is the task ahead—the hardest task ever set to any generation since the world began. Humanity, travelling in the wrong direction, has reached the end of its own resources: as the Prodigal, by turning his back on home, soon arrived at "the husks that the swine did eat". But God is still there, and still our Father: and His wealth and power are at our disposal, if we will but go home again. Every life that turns

To make men see.

round, goes back, and gives in to its Father is not only finding its own recovery, but helping Him to restore the world. The problem is to make men see this. And so the first task of the world-builder is to be, in some sense, a missionary: an ambassador of God. If we are convinced that only thus can the world be saved, our most obvious first duty is to tell it so. To keep the secret to ourselves is treason.

Our British reserve.

But it is just here that we are up against the biggest crux of all. It is part of the old tradition which we have to unseat—it is very specially part of the Public School tradition—to keep all such things to oneself. Before going to one great Public School for the National Mission, I asked one of its leading boys for advice. This was part of what he gave me, in his own words: "All that is necessary is to tell fellows quite plainly what you want them to do, and they will do it privately; only you can't hope for any open manifestations". But it is precisely "open manifestations" of some sort that are wanted more than anything. There is no lack of latent faith in the world to-day. What we call "impressions" have been made by the thousand: how could it be otherwise? Even in ordinary

times most men have much more religious feeling than they will ever let on. But, just because they keep it buried, it comes to nothing. After all, if a seed is going to grow, it must at some stage show itself above ground. But most men refuse even to contemplate reaching that stage. They refuse, in other words, to bridge the gulf between "impression" and "expression". And yet students of human nature tell us that impressions which never reach expression are not only useless but sometimes positively harmful to a man. It is bad for him to be "impressed" if nothing follows. Be that as it may, the point that concerns us now is their uselessness. There can be no building of a new world, no striking out in a new direction, without *some* open break with the past. For such a break thousands, I believe, are waiting and longing. But so few have the courage to give a lead—to be "first over the top". "It is not being done": so hardly anyone does it.

Secret Service or Active Service?

Now suppose the nation generally, or the Public Schools and Universities in particular (as the places where this British reticence is strongest), had said to the Government in August, 1914: "We are absolutely with you about this war; we realise how

necessary it is, and we hope Lord Kitchener will find the men he is asking for. But, you know, you can't expect *us* to go into uniform: it is so conspicuous, and so unusual: it is an open manifestation: it gives us away. We'll do anything you like to tell us in the way of the Secret Service: but we must draw the line at coming into the open." If Englishmen had at all generally taken that line, we know where we should have been now. If there's a war on, there *must* be an army: and you can't have an army without a uniform. It is needed for a double purpose: to let men on the same side recognise each other, and to distinguish them from the enemy. But the majority of those who, at Baptism and then at Confirmation, have professed themselves "Christ's faithful soldiers" either wear no uniform of His at all, or deliberately affect a shade of khaki (so to speak) which is very hard to distinguish from the enemy's field-grey. One learns with experience to discount a lot that men say against religion: it is so often just a veil to hide their real feelings. But of course it means that they are hurting the side with which they secretly sympathise through what, in plain language, is cowardice. Treason for gain is contemptible enough: but treason through cowardice is "the

limit". And yet that is what it comes to when men who secretly hope in Christ pretend, with a Briton's "inverted hypocrisy," to be on the side of His enemies.

The Church as God's Army.

It has come to this, that we must either give up our faith and hope, and face the consequences —go out into the darkest period of human history "having no hope, and without God in the world"—or we must put ourselves on a war footing and *fight* for our faith, giving Christ an army which He can count on for anything. And this involves both making ourselves known to one another as His soldiers, and standing up to anything that opposes Him: witness and war in one. It all follows from being "part of one Great Strength": those who are "members of Christ" are also, necessarily, members one of another—all parts of one Body, one fighting force. That is where what we call "the Church" comes in: all those whom Christ can count on to use for His own ends, as a man counts on his limbs and his senses. Till "the Church" in this sense becomes *a fact* we shall make no headway. And it will not be a fact till the scattered sympathisers throw down the barriers of reserve and join together as a fighting army.

By "witness," however, I mean far more than

wearing one's heart on one's sleeve, or "talking religion". Mere "talking religion" is one of the most objectionable of things. What is wanted is men who will so *live* their religion that it will become a natural, living part of themselves: and, when it is that, it is bound to find its way to the surface, unless they yield to a sort of social cowardice and force it back. All our real interests do show themselves in our lives, and, sooner or later, on our lips. And, though it is quite true that the witness of the life is far more important—since without it the other is no good—yet some of us do need "to shew forth God's praise not only in our lives but with our lips". Otherwise God does not get the credit for what men see in us. They see, perhaps, a force which keeps us straight when others go crooked, which makes us cheerful when others flag. But they think it is our temperament, or the like; instead of a power which is for them too, if they will claim it. And so God loses, as it were, an advertisement which He needs and is more than entitled to, because we do not admit that we are drawing upon Him. I honestly believe, with a conviction which every week seems to add to, that nothing is more needed than that the world should grow accustomed to think, and speak, of God in a

The need and meaning of "witness".

natural way, as one of the admitted Facts of life and the most important of them; that multitudes outside what are called "religious circles" are only waiting for a lead, to acknowledge their own belief in Him; and that the most serious bar in the way of the "new tradition," based on such open acknowledgment of Him, is that absurd reserve about spiritual things, which may be British but is certainly not human. For

> That independence Britons prize too high
> Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie.

Acknowledgment of God, of course, need not be only or chiefly acknowledgment in words.

Consistency and leadership.

One obvious form of it is consistency in what are called religious observances. For instance, why should it be the case that many, when they go into the Army, whether as officers or as men, give up things they did as a matter of course in civil life: such as saying their prayers, or going to Holy Communion? The Holy Communion, after all, is the most obvious and natural way of telling those around us, "I am trying to share my life with Christ and to live on Him". It is the highest and the Divinely-appointed form of witness. Why, with so many, should it be an exceptional act? Of course the reason is that,

in their new surroundings, the thing is apparently not the fashion; and nine men out of ten prefer to toe a line than to give a lead—especially, alas, in what are called the "leading classes". Men, boys, anybody, who will resist this impulse to follow, and will lead instead, are the most needed kind of national benefactor. And if you would but try, you would find it far less difficult than it looks.

The power of a strong lead.

Here is a true story which shows what I mean: both the way in which men will take their colour from their surroundings, and the ease with which a real lead, if given, can change them back again. A party of officers were crossing from Southampton to Havre, on their way to the Front: all but one for the first time. Of the whole crowd one only, and he was a mere boy, had the courage to kneel and say his prayers. The rest, as idiots will when they see something they don't understand, began to laugh and rag him: all but the older man who had been out before. And then he chipped in. "I'll tell you what it is, you chaps," he said: "in another week you'll all be damned glad to be saying your prayers." At that, dead silence: and then, one after another, six of the mockers knelt down themselves, confessing that what they had been

laughing at was what, in their hearts, they were wanting to do. That is but one instance of many I might quote to the same effect. It is against this social cowardice that our first attack needs to be launched.

Through witness to war.

For, clearly, the right sort of witness will speedily pass into war. We shall indeed—let there be no mistake—be up against it. But, after all, that is what we are here for. God's life is one long war against evil in all its forms: a war so stern that it could only be won by the Son of God giving His life in battle. And He, after His resurrection, said to His first followers, "As My Father hath sent Me, even so send I you": to the same victory, yes, but by the same path—the Way of the Cross. If the path you are following as a Christian leads to no battle, no crucifixion, you may well stop and ask if you are on the right track. Anyhow the lack of fighting will not be for lack of enemies. For a Christian with his eyes open there is a fighting front wherever he may turn. Wherever evil rears its head in any form, there is one of God's battlefields: one where *you*, perhaps, are the reinforcements He is looking out for. Quite possibly you'll fall in the attack: very likely it will seem as if nothing was gained by it. But that is no excuse for

holding back ; and, as a matter of fact, no attack which is made for Christ's sake and under His leadership ever fails.

> For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
> Seem here no painful inch to gain,
> Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
> Comes silent, flooding in, the main.[1]

Anyhow to refuse battle, in this campaign, is to confess yourself beaten, and to betray your Leader.

Let me close with an illustration—a pointed one I think—of the kind of fighting that lies ahead if the new tradition is to conquer the old. What we call "the Public School tradition," with all that is admirable and inspiring in it, may at one point at least be an enemy to be overcome. What it aims at and sets most store by is *esprit de corps*. The first and last question it is apt to ask is not, "Is this right?" but "Is it sporting?"—that is, Is it loyal to the tradition? In effect, it sets up a social code—the laws of "sportsmanship"—in place of the law of God. And, where the two conflict, it is apt to back the sportsman against the Christian. A great friend and pupil of mine, one of the best all-

The clash of the two traditions.

[1] A. H. Clough.

round men I have known and the first of my friends to fall in the war, once told me how it had befallen him at school in this. For that matter, he *was* a sportsman in every sense, including that of playing for the University: and he made no profession in words of being a Christian. In his last year but one at school, he discovered a moral plague-spot in his house, and called the attention of the head of the house to it. The latter was either a coward or a knave, and did nothing. My friend told him that, if he didn't act, he would go himself to the house master. Still nothing was done; and he went. The wrong was set right. He had done the house and the school the best turn he could, regardless of consequences to himself. But what happened? What he had done was right, was his duty, was courageous; but it wasn't "sporting". And so, though he was already captain of football, and was to be head of the school the next year, the whole house united against him and sent him to Coventry. There you see the two traditions at grips; and that is the sort of situation for which the world-builder has to prepare. Where "sportsmanship" reaches the point of persecuting moral courage, and frowning on moral enterprise—the two things the country most needs to-day—it has become a

national peril, a form of treason. And of that kind of "sportsmanship" the Public School tradition needs to be purged. It is true it was not at a "leading" school that this thing happened: but the head master of one of the most leading schools, to whom I told the story, volunteered the comment, "It might have happened at any Public School". If so, there is much fighting ahead of some of us, if the Public Schools are to play the part their past entitles them to in rebuilding the world on the only right lines. Are you ready for it?

A more excellent way.

Mind, I don't mean that informing the authorities is the best way of combating evil. Of course it isn't. To a large extent the "sporting" instinct here is a true one. My friend was driven to the course he took because the proper authority, the head prefect, failed when appealed to. The better way is for all who are right-hearted in a house to show their hand first one to another, and so form a solid nucleus of Christian public opinion which cannot be ignored by the rest: and, in particular, for every boy to speak up to his own friends, instead of saying to himself, like Cain, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Of course, he will risk popularity by so doing: but he will gain influence—another and a better

thing. "I daren't do it, I should lose my influence": so another fellow—one who, but for this lack of courage, was all one could wish in a Public School boy—excused himself, when begged to use his very leading position in the College to secure some needed reform. He meant his popularity: for, in fact, by normally taking this line, he just fell short of genuine influence. Since then, I fancy, he has changed his view. For he wrote to me lately from a far part of the globe, and, after wishing we had more of the spirit of Cromwell's time in the British Empire of to-day, ended up with these words: "Religion is often mistaken for weakness,—perhaps because it appeals more quickly to the weaker kind of nature; but the strong religious man is the toughest devil afloat".

'The toughest devil afloat."

It is such "tough devils" that are needed now for the fight for the future, for building the new world. We need the Public School *esprit de corps* even more than ever; but we need it to be combined with the moral courage and enterprise of the man who, when the old tradition conflicts with the new, will take his orders from God and not from society. If the Public School boy of the new generation can only develop in this direction,

he will do even more for the England of to-morrow than his fathers and brothers have done and are doing for the England of yesterday and to-day. He will be a true "super-man"—"the toughest devil afloat".

CHAPTER IX.

OUR DEAD AND OUR DUTY.

Brethren, how shall it fare with me
When the war is laid aside,
If it be proven that I am he
For whom a world has died?

If it be found, when the battle clears,
Their death has set me free,
Then how shall I live with myself the years
Which they have bought for me?

—RUDYARD KIPLING.

Spirits are not finely touched
But to fine issues.

—SHAKESPEARE.

THE world-building task before us is one that is going to demand, first of all, a great reconstruction of ourselves: our whole outlook, programme, and ambitions. If we are to rise to the occasion, it will only be at the cost of real denial of self, giving up being and doing much that we might otherwise have looked forward to. For this war of ours will last as long as we live.

Reconstruction of ourselves.

Does the road wind up-hill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
From morn to night, my friend.[1]

The memory of our dead.

We need, then, something that shall hold us to it, and make it seem worth while: something even more compelling than the thought of the stakes involved, even more reassuring than the faith that victory is certain. I think we shall best find it, most of us, in a loyal and affectionate memory of those who have died for us in these few years that are deciding the fate of centuries. They have laid down their lives as the foundation-stones of that new world which it rests with those who survive them to build. Without such a foundation, perhaps, the new world never could have been built: even as we now see that Christianity could never have come to anything without the Cross of Christ as its starting-point. We must not think of their lives as lost or thrown away, any more than the granite blocks which are swallowed up by the thousand in the sea, before some great breakwater can be built across a harbour to protect the ships of sailors still unborn. What we must remember, on the other hand, is that it is *our* work, *our* building, which

[1] Christina Rossetti.

will determine whether their sacrifice is gain or loss to the world. The sunken blocks are useless till others are well and truly laid on top of them. The foundation is wasted until the new building rises upon it. And our own hearts tell us that the one intolerable thing that can happen is that the new world, built upon their sacrifice, should be a worse and not a better place. "If I weren't a different man after what I've been through, it wouldn't be fair to God." If one at the Front could feel things in that way, as he looked on to the future, much more should we others feel the same, who, for one reason or another, have borne but lesser parts of the sacrifice. "If I weren't a different man, it wouldn't be fair to God"—*or to them.* They have the most sacred of all rights to demand that our lives should, as it were, be given to them, to carry out all that they died for.

It will help us to make our sacrifice to feel that, in a real sense, it is made to them. Do you know this story—a true one—from Verdun? It was in the critical early days of the great defence. A battery of French "75s" was firing away, protecting a detachment of infantry who were stubbornly holding the trenches a couple of miles in front. The guns were growing almost red-hot, and the

An example from Verdun.

water for cooling them was exhausted. No more could be had, except that in the gunners' water-bottles. One and all, though parched with thirst already, and keenly looking forward to the water—their own water, which they had more than deserved to drink themselves—they voted to give it to their brothers in the trenches, by giving it to the guns that were protecting them. And so the guns fired on: and the gunners bore the thirst for love of France and of their brothers. Do you see how it fits our case?

A way of remembering.

I venture to repeat a suggestion, already made elsewhere, that may help us to keep "our Dead and our Duty" linked together in our thoughts. It is that each one should include in his private calendar "some Khaki-letter Saints' Days—days on which those whom he knew and loved, or admired at a distance, laid down their lives for him and the rest of us;" and, on these anniversaries, as the years brought them round, should "stand before their photographs, thank God for their example, and renew his vow: 'For his sake—and his—and his—I consecrate myself'."[1] Most of us, between brothers and friends and old school-fellows who have fallen, will find such days

[1] "The Fight for the Future," pp. 25-6.

coming often enough to keep us reminded of their sacrifice, and so the readier for our own.

The Cross re-interpreted.

And then, as we see farther and farther into the meaning of their sacrifice, as that on which alone a new world could be founded, and that which urges us to build it bravely and well, we shall find within and beyond this motive another, older, deeper, even more compelling: a motive which the modern world has largely mislaid. Behind their cross we see looming up the Cross of Another: the Cross which explains and makes bearable all other crosses, because it shows us suffering and sacrifice right at the heart of God's own life. "One begins," said a well-known Oxford professor lately—one who has never, so far as I know, professed to accept the Christian creed—"one begins to feel the force of the old Christian phrases, as one comes to be haunted by the thought 'Some one has *died for me*'." There is no getting away from it, it was that thought which made the great Christians of the early days: the men and women and even children who

> met the tyrant's brandished steel,
> The lion's gory mane,

and conquered the Roman Empire for Christ by doing so. The thought that burned in them

and toughened them was the thought: "He died for me, and I must live and, if need be, die for Him". Their worst fear was not of death and torture, but of the reproach one day to be faced in the eyes of their Saviour, if they denied Him. They could enter closely into the spirit of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's poem, "The Neutral":—

> Brethren, how must it fare with me,
> Or how am I justified,
> If it be proven that I am he
> For whom Mankind has died;
> If it be proven that I am he
> Who, being questioned, denied?

Only to them it seemed even more awe-inspiring that not man only but God Himself had died for them, and had done so because

> There was none other good enough
> To pay the price of sin;
> *He only* could unlock the gate
> Of heaven, and let us in.

What we owe to the Cross.

Stop a moment and think how much it means to us now that He *has* done so; that this darkened, saddened, death-ridden world is no longer our only hope and home, but a mere stage on the journey to a better world, where He has "prepared a place for us," and where "because He lives, we shall live also". Think of this, and of how on this

work of His for us depends our only hope of receiving back those whom so many of us now are mourning, and in whose absence this world will never quite be the same again. Think of all this, and ask yourself "Can I refuse Him—can I refuse *them*—the loyal life-long service and sacrifice which will at once be bringing in His Kingdom and building up that better world for the hope of which they died?" You may have seen a little poem written by Sir Henry Newbolt on the War Films, expressing his feelings on seeing even that veiled reflection of the great sacrifice on the Somme. It ends with an address to Christ:—

> Brother of men, when now I see
> The lads go forth in line,
> Thou knowest my heart is hungry in me,
> As for Thy bread and wine:
> Thou knowest my heart is bowed in me
> To take their death for mine.

If their death, why not His also, which theirs is re-interpreting for us? When our heart is "bowed in us" to take *His* death for ours—to see in His suffering what, but for His love, would have been our own—then we have in us the spring of that grateful love to Him which will make His service perfect freedom, and "constrain us to live no longer for our own

ends, but for His, Who for our sakes died and rose again".

Then indeed we shall find ourselves able to build the better world and strike out into the new tradition. Then, as we face the future, we shall be ready to say to God, in the words of Hamlet to his father's spirit :—

"Unto the perfect day."

> Yes, from the tables of my memory
> I'll wipe away all trivial, fond records,
> All saws of books, all forms, all pressures[1] past,
> That youth and observation copied there;
> And Thy commandment all alone shall stand
> Within the book and volume of my brain,
> Unmixed with baser matter.

And then, when once we do thus "in all our ways acknowledge Him," we shall find Him "directing our paths": paths which will henceforth be "as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day".

[1] i.e. impressions.

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